

# SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

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SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 29, 1913

## GUESS THEY WON'T.

One S. S. Marvin, in lecturing before a big audience down east, the other night, presented a rigidly simple diet as the only refuge from the high cost of living. "Our mothers," he said, "used to give us a bowl of mush and milk for supper. There would be no high cost of living to speak of, if people would eat mush and milk nowadays. But they won't."

Most of us grown folks can remember the mush and milk for supper, all right, but we have to remember other things of those days in connection therewith. Mother did not pay eight or ten cents per quart for the milk, and we had already had a breakfast of eggs that didn't cost her five cents apiece, and a hearty dinner of meat that didn't cost her 25 cents per pound. In those days, also, mother got a lot of things, such as liver and soup bones, for instance, for practically nothing, whereas the mother of today has to pay about eight reasonable prices for them.

Had the mother of 35 or 40 years ago had to put up with present day conditions, she would probably have simplified her supper to bare mush. Still, there's no doubt about the tremendous waste, nowadays, on unnecessary and even deleterious victuals. The demand is for "three square meals a day," whereas mother made us eat along very nicely on light suppers and breakfasts.

The fellow who bases his argument on what mother used to do for his stomach is a goner. Thirty-five or more years ago, a fellow could get up on a frosty morning and readily stow away three slices of fried salt pork, four baked potatoes and a half pint of milk gravy, the same followed by 11 pancakes garnished with maple syrup, and feel that mother had merely done her duty toward her offspring, while that same fellow performing that feat today would be ripe for the appendicitis doctor and the undertaker. Simplified mush and milk may have done, then, and still make the adult liver of today work no better than would a dried apple. That mother used to do this, that, or the other thing with or for your stomach is no argument. Conditions have changed. Stomachs have changed. Mothers have changed.

Recommending less eating is about the longest, toughest road to reduction in living's cost that we observe on the map. They won't as Marvin says.

## SHANK IS OUT.

In the resignation of Lew Shank as mayor of Indianapolis under threat of impeachment by the business interests of his city who declared that his sympathy with the striking street car men and his refusal to use the police to put down the trouble had affected all business disastrously, Indiana loses an unusual figure in public life.

As recently as a year ago, Mayor Shank was a candidate for the republican nomination as governor of Indiana and came pretty close to getting it. Of course a republican nomination in 1912 was more or less of an empty honor, but it showed that Shank had a strong personal following.

The resignation and the refusal of the vehicle association to arbitrate with the men, which precipitated Shank's withdrawal, makes it practically certain that a new teamsters' and chauffeurs' strike will take place there shortly. The mayor's defense of 23 policemen who refused to ride on street cars manned by strike breakers two weeks ago, and his subsequent declaration that in case of a teamsters' strike they would not be asked to ride on transfer wagons, including his own, is alleged to have demoralized the police department and the condition may become critical.

Shank attracted wide attention some time ago in his war on those whom he held responsible for the high cost of living.

It was a unique sight to see him in the public market selling potatoes at seventy cents a bushel, cutting under the commission men whom he charged had attempted to corner the market and forced up the price. Through his own agents he was able to get potatoes in large quantities and sold them at his cost price.

There was no lack of customers. Rich and poor alike flocked to the mayor to buy his produce. He also promulgated a number of plans to beat down the high cost of living.

## WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH INDIANA?

Those inspectors who are to make an investigation of food conditions in Indiana ought to accomplish a lot of good.

The cold storage problem brought to their attention, and the effect upon various lines of produce, particularly poultry and eggs, may bring out something conducive of a reduction in the high cost of living, as well as of better living.

The reason for such particular attention having been directed toward Indiana is that this state is regarded

as one of the heaviest producers of those farm and dairy products in which the cold storage men speculate. The department of justice plans an inquiry into intrastate as well as interstate conditions. The state law regulating cold storage is said to be efficient enough as far as it goes, but in its relations to other states, the situation here makes an interstate investigation imperative.

It is reported that a few months ago poultry and egg dealers from Indiana and Ohio met in very secret session in one of the hotels in Indianapolis—an air-tight organization it was—and since then many have been the tales of abuses told by producers outside the fold.

Poultry and eggs from Indiana are accounted choice. In the eastern markets they demand the highest prices, and it is reported thither that they are going. It is said to account for the scarcity of such articles of food in the refrigerators in the state. The department of justice means to find out the reason for this, comparing conditions in Indiana with other states, and, if possible, effect a remedy. Everybody is insisting there is something wrong, and these inspectors have been delegated to find out what.

## A GOOD MOVE.

While moving for reform of concentrated capital's methods, the administration cannot make a mistake in getting behind the proposition of Rep. Sims of Tennessee, who proposed to empower the Interstate Commerce commission to control the issues of stocks and bonds by interstate railroads.

The movement is a little late but in the right direction. The curse of our economics and the main impediment to equitable "unscrambling of the eggs" lies in the fact that there has been no check to capitalization. The whole country is paying millions upon millions of tribute to the ability of promoters and brokers to sell securities and Morgan was right in his opinion that there can be no "unscrambling" without very heavy losses.

A lot of our troubles would never have happened, had the government, a quarter century ago, interfered with the promiscuous increase in capitalization, after the fashion Mr. Sims proposes. Now, we can only stop the leaks. We cannot recover the water that has passed.

Laws to a similar purport are already in operation in several states, where a state commission not only decides what the capitalization shall be but sees to it that the additional funds are devoted to improvements and other legitimate purposes. The people of such states are not burdened, as formerly, to pay fancy salaries for corporation officials, or promoters' commissions, or for "water," and there is every good reason for Uncle Sam to take similar authority over interstate corporations.

## RELIGIOUS BILL POSTING.

Apparently hoping to popularize billboard advertising, the Indiana Poster Advertising association is out with the announcement that its boards all over the state, are to be decorated before long with a religious poster that will force the public to sit up and take notice.

Exactly what other effect this poster is to have upon the public, the announcement does not state, but there can be no question as to the probable motive. Since Pres. Elliot of Harvard christened all billboards "uglifiers," some years ago, the bill-posters have been at their wits end for some means of recovering a lost reputation, and evidently they have at last concluded to take up something that it will be difficult to criticize.

Some of us may not like the idea of seeing Bethlehem displayed as though it were an invitation to some big circus, and yet, it may do some good.

One drawback, aside from the matter of good taste would seem to be, that billboards have for a long time been pronounced of doubtful value as publicity mediums.

And statistics prove that the hens are laying 17.7 dozens of eggs per capita of our population right along!

French doctor says cannibalism is a cure for indigestion. He's taking chances, when beef is so high.

## IN LIGHTER VEIN

SAD.  
"Do you know why the Pacific doesn't run into the Atlantic at Panama?"  
"Spring it."  
"It's locked out."—N. Y. World.

## HE UNDERSTOOD.

The young man had asked for a horse that was gentle and safe. As he drove out of the stable the liverman said: "The spring on the right side of the buggy is the strongest, and the young man blushed until his ears looked like a sunset in a chromo."—N. Y. World.

# A Romance of Extraordinary Distinction THE MARSHAL By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews Author of 'The Perfect Tribute, etc.'

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(Continued from Friday.)

But Francois had an ally now, and he knew it. The excitement of the thought, the joy of dim possible results buoyed his high-strung temperament like a tonic. He must be, he would be careful beyond words to guard against any danger, any suspicion for Battista. But—there were chances even with that provision. Here was hope. It is necessary, perhaps, to have been five years a prisoner in a cell in an unknown castle in a foreign land to know what the first glimpse of hope may mean.

Instantly, with the hope working in him, he began to get well. Little by little, watching fearfully against the peril of conversations long enough to seem suspicious to eyes always alert, he told Battista of the close friendship of the chateau in France, of the splendid old officer of Napoleon and of his daughter, the beautiful demoiselle, who was Alix; of the years at school together, few boys and even more, innumerable. Every word Battista drank in; he had not seen the young man since he had left Castelforte with his father on the journey which took them to Visques. When, at the end of his school days, the boy of eighteen had come back to his country, the castle had already been seized by the Austrians, and it had not been safe for Pietro to come into his own country. But the man's memory of his little lord was vivid and loving; he listened eagerly to the least detail of his unknown older life.

And day by day the prisoner who could tell him such things, who was the friend of his master, who had lived with him, stood to him more and more in the place of the marquis. From the beginning of the imprisonment he had had an affection for this young stranger; few boys ever came under the influence of Francois without having an affection for him; but the day of his mention of Pietro had made Battista his slave.

A person of more importance than Battista had fallen under the spell of Francois' personality. The governor himself had been attracted by the young Frenchman. The governor, Count von Gersdorf, was a vain, discontented, brilliant Austrian, at odds with the world because he had not risen further in it. He was without society in this mountain fortress of his, and longed for it; he had a fine taste and no one to sing to; he liked to talk and had no one to talk to. Francois, with his ready friendliness, with his gift of finding good in every one, with his winning manner and simplicity which had the ease of sophistication, was a treasure-trace of amusement to the bored Austrian. Moreover, Francois could play a guitar and accompany his songs, and knew enough music to appreciate the governor's really beautiful voice; his delight in it was better than the most finished flattery. He had taught the governor French songs; they sang together, and the count roared them out and then roared with laughter, and Francois smiled and was pleased. It had come to be a custom with the governor, during the last two years,

to have the Frenchman brought down very often to his room for dinner, and to spend the evening. All this was against regulations—but who was to know? The count was lord of life and death at Castelforte, and if higher powers came once in a year or so, no one would dare speak of the doings of the governor except the governor.

Things stood so with the prisoner at the time of his discovery of the identity of his jailer and of his jail. The governor at that time was away on a visit to Vienna, looking for a promotion; he came back elated and good-humored in the prospect of a change within the year. But the heart of Francois sank as he thought what the change might mean to him. This man had treated him with unhoping favor in some ways. He realized what it meant to reason and health to have those evenings away from his narrow cold cell, even in such company as the governor's. Besides which Francois persistently found good qualities in the governor. He had been allowed books to read in his room, though no writing materials. Strange as it may seem, it had been in some ways a happy life. The mystical thought of the boy had developed in the great quiet loneliness; with the broad Italian sky and the sound of the sea in his constant companionship, his mind had grown to a grasp of the greatness of living and the smallness of life. A vista of thought before unknown had opened to him in the long solitary days. When he awoke in the morning he let himself be floated out on a sea of meditation where strange bright visions met him like islands in a southern ocean. He looked forward to these thoughts as to events, as a mystic of India looks to Nirvana.

In the light of this happiness of prison, the hardships of prison, the drain on his health from dampness and lack of air and poor food were small discomforts, hardly to be noticed in the greatness of his blessings. These trials would be over shortly; the real things, friendship, love, contentment, were eternal. Moreover, it was action he dreamed, not quiescence, as he looked from the barred window at the vast blue depths of Italian sky, depths profounder, more transparent than elsewhere. His belief in his star, in its fusion some day to come into the larger star of the Bonapartes, had been strengthened, fixed, by the adventure which had landed him in the desertion of an Austrian prison. He had saved the Prince's life; it was an omen of greater things which he should do for the prince. If no more of it he would have done his part; he could die happy, but he believed without a shadow of doubt that more was to come.

"Some day a Marshal of France under another Bonaparte," he said to himself one day, staring through the bars at his meadow—he called the sky so. He smiled. "But that is nothing. To help place my prince on the throne of France—that is my work—my life!"

He talked aloud at times, as prisoner come to do. He went on then, in a low voice.

"If there were good fairies, if I had

three wishes: Alix—the prince made emperor—Francois Beaupre, a Marshal of France." He laughed happily. "It is child's play. Nothing matters except that my life shall do its work. Ever that is so small; but I have a great desire to do that. I believe I shall do that—I know it." And he fell to work on a book which he was planning, chapter by chapter, in his brain.

But, if he were to escape ever, the chance was increased infinitely by the going back and forth to the governor's room. A new governor might keep him shut up absolutely. It had been so while the count was away; then he had been ill, and the lieutenant in command would not let a doctor see him till he became delirious; that was the ordinary treatment of prisoners. Francois, thinking over these things on a day, felt, with a sudden accent on the steady push of his longing for freedom, the conviction that he must get free before the count left, else opportunity and force for the effort would both be gone forever. And on that day Battista brought him in his midday meal with a look and manner which Francois remarked.

"What is it, Battista?" he asked, softly.

The man answered not a word, but turned and opened the door rapidly and looked out. "I thought I had left the water-pitcher. Ah, here it is—I am stupid," he spoke aloud. And then, finger on lip dramatically, he bent over the young man. "My son—the little Battista—has had a letter. The young master wishes him to come to him in France, to serve him. He is going in two days."

It was whispered quickly, and Battista stood erect.

"The signor's food will get cold if the signor does not eat it," he spoke gruffly. "I do not like to carry good food for prisoners who do not appreciate it. I shall bring less tomorrow."

But Francois, hardly hearing the surly tones, laid his hand on Battista's arm, was whispering back eagerly.

"Where does he go, in France?"

"To Visques," the low answer came. Francois sank back, tortured. Going to Visques, the little Battista! From Castelforte! And he, Francois, must stay here in prison! His soul was wrung with a sudden wild homesickness. He wanted to see Alix, to see his mother, to see the general; to see the peaceful little village and the stream that ran through it, and the steep-arched bridge, and the poppy fields, and the corn! The gray castle with its red roofs, and the beech wood, and the high-walled library, how he wanted to see it all! How his heart ached, madly, fiercely! This was the worst moment of all his captivity. And with that, Battista was over him, was murmuring words again. Something was slipped under the bedclothes.

"Paper—pens. The signor will write a letter this afternoon. And tomorrow little Battista will take it."

And the heart of Francois gave a sudden throb of joy as wild as its anguish. He could speak to them before he died; it might be they could save him. His hands stole to the package under the coarse blanket. It seemed as if in touching it he touched his mother and his sweetheart and his home.

## LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

South Bend, Ind., Nov. 28, '13.  
To News-Times:

Did it ever occur to you what a large per cent of the patrons are daily making a public display of their ignorance by vainly attempting to crawl through the cashier's window when an open door is near?

If you have never noticed this in particular would suggest that you visit the gas office or some bank where the public are coming and going at frequent intervals; here you will have an opportunity to see some one trying to go in, elbows first.

Another trait I wish to call your attention to is the habit of women congregating in front of a store door trying their utmost to completely block the passage; it may be only to kiss a baby or criticize the servant girl, yet they remain there to the detriment of many others.

It seems the only way some people can attract attention is to stand in some one's way.

Thinking of these two subjects would be good to write and cartoon on, I suggest them to you and no doubt some readers will take the warning and mend their ways.

Respectfully,  
DWIN.

MUNCIE POET DIES.  
MUNCIE, Ind., Nov. 28.—Mrs. J. P. H. Koons, poet and widely known newspaper and magazine writer, died suddenly Friday, age seventy.

11 Daily Trains to Chicago.

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